

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1861. WHOLE NUMBER THREE, 1864.

We commenced in THE POST of January a new story by that celebrated writer, Mrs. H. M. Ladd Warner, author of "EAST LYNN," "YERKEN'S PRIDE," &c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

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TWO SIT BY THE HEARTHSTONE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

Two sat at the hearthstone and patiently wait, While the crystalline snow that is falling; The matron looks out with a start to the gate, Where the clamorous post boy is calling.

"More letters; thank God! they are living and well; Read, father, my old eyes are failing," And the sad words came up with a sob and a wail, Half lost in the wintry winds wailing.

"Good news, dearest parents, a victory is won, And Henry has won a promotion!" He wipes his damp eyes,—"I am proud of my son, But Morton is out on the ocean."

"What, gone in the fleet? how the reckless winds rise— From shipwreck, most Holy One, save him!" And the long pent up waters stream down from her eyes, As she prays to the Father who gave him,

The husband has gone to his long winter's nap, To dream of his country's defenders; The wife, with her knitting-work dropt in her lap, Looks mournfully into the embers.

Six little ones nestle close up to her side— She soothes them with care and caressing— Smooths out their soft curls with matronly pride, Then murmurs an audible blessing.

They are gone! in the churchyard three darling ones rest, And two in the camp make their pillow; While Morton, the youngest, the bravest, and best, Is rocked by the treacherous billow.

And there in the freight she droops low her head, While the present and past are on weaving; A sigh comes unbidden with thoughts of the dead, A sob and a tear for the living.

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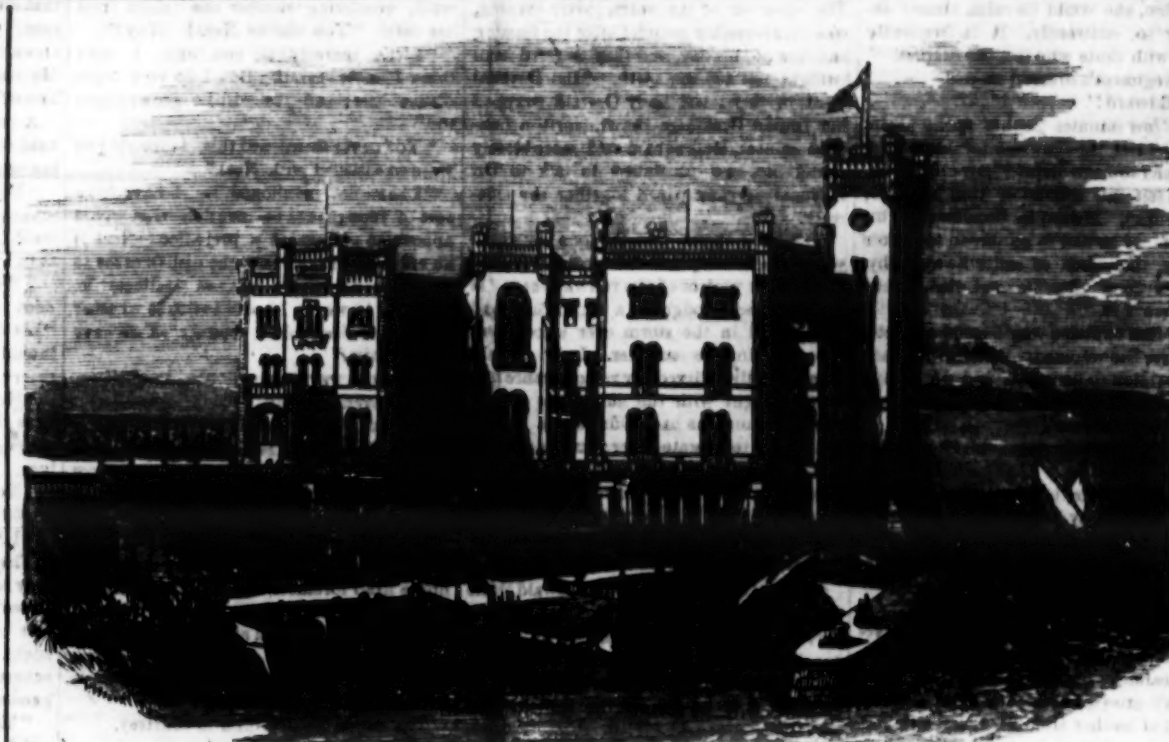
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MIRAMAR, THE PALACE OF THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

The palace of Miramar, the residence of the would-be sovereign of Mexico, is one of the most romantic in the whole continent of Europe, being built on a rock that forms a peninsula jutting into the sea. From its windows and terraces is seen, in the far distance, an admirable view of the city of Trieste, nearly three miles off. The name of the palace, Miramar—that is, which looks on the sea—is Spanish.

On returning from one of his long voyages, the arch-duke having narrowly escaped shipwreck on this rocky promontory, was so struck with the singularly picturesque beauty of the spot that he resolved to build upon it the exquisite, though as yet unfinished villa, in which he is now residing.

It is usual in Trieste, on Sunday, for the upper classes to drive as far as the palace, when the pleasure grounds are thrown open by the prince, with a liberality becoming his royal station.

As with the lakes at St. Petersburg, so was it here: all had to be made; and Miramar is, like those Russian islands, a triumph of art and human intellect over nature. The earth had to be brought from a great distance, and the granite of which the palace is altogether built from the mountains of the Tyrol. The water required for the plantation, and for domestic purposes, alone entails an annual expense of £1,500.

The terraces descend in flights of steps to the margin of the sea, and their greatest ornaments are two sphinxes, brought by the prince from Egypt. Ships, as they pass, are saluted from the palace by a cannon.

The prince is high-admiral of the Austrian fleet, and is notorious for his passionate love of the sea; this passion at once explaining the reason which induced him to build Miramar on a steep and stormy coast, is evidenced, in a characteristic manner, in the palace itself. The sitting-room of the arch-duke is fitted up like an admiral's cabin, and his private apartments are hung with sea-birds, of which the designs are marine anchors.

Besides this, the prince, with the taste of an artist, and the predilections of a traveller, has filled this delightful residence with heaps of curiosities obtained from all parts of the world.

Having such a charming residence, we would respectfully advise the arch-duke to stay where he is "gay and happy" on the continent of Europe, and not risk everything by coming to rule a people who have no desire to see him.

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the train, and did not get out during the journey.

"Neither did I. The same train brought us, I suppose: Caroline's wedding. No time to be Mark Cray! You and I must wait for our horses: we can't afford these grand delays yet."

Dr. Davenal looked at his watch.

"If you can't afford them now, Ned, when are you to afford them?"

Captain Davenal's answer was to shrug his shoulders.

"There may come in a great ship some day," he said, with his ready laugh.

"Are you going that way, Mr. Oswald Cray? We shall see you by-and-by."

All the pride and affection of the father shone out in Dr. Davenal's face as he passed through the town, sitting by the side of his brave son, who was in Roger's place, and drove. A hundred hands were taken off a hundred paces from greeted them. The doctor remained passive, save for smiling; but Captain Davenal's gay face was turned from side to side, in answer to the salutations, and he had something else to do besides attending to his horses.

"Take care, Ned."

"All right, sir," was the young officer's careless answer. But he occupied the wheel of a meeting carriage by only half an inch; and Roger, seated behind, said to himself that the captain had not yet grown out of his rambunctiousness.

He pulled the horses up with a jerk when they arrived, leaped out, and turned to give his hand to his father. Ned had the door open, and Edward Davenal passed him with a nod and a fleet foot, for he saw his sister's face behind, bright with joyous tears. He kissed them away.

"Bare, you foolish child! Keep the tent until I go again."

"When will that be, Edward?"

"To-morrow evening. Hark!" he whispered, checking her startled exclamation.

"Let me take my own time for telling papa. I know he will be vexed."

"We thought you would stay a week at least."

"I wish I could! Leave is difficult to get at all just now, on account of—I'll tell you more later, Sara."

Miss Bettina Davenal was at hand, waiting for her greeting. In the old days of his boyhood, she and he were undisciplined enemies. The boy was high-spirited and rude to her, ten times worse than poor Richard: he had been the first to call her Aunt Bett, and to persist in it, in spite of her angry displeasure. He called it her still.

"Well, Aunt Bett! You are looking younger than ever."

"Are you quite well, Nephew Edward?"

"In high feather, aunt. And mean to keep so until the wedding's over. When is yours to be, Aunt Bett?"

"To-morrow at eleven," was Aunt Bett's unconscious answer. "And right glad I shall be when it has taken place."

The shout of laughter that greeted her vexed Miss Davenal; she wondered what the mistake was. But the captain turned away, for Caroline was stealing towards them with conscious cheeks, and the new silver tea-pot in her hand.

"It was unkind of you not to come before, Edward," she said. "Some of my beautiful new dresses are packed up now, and you can't see them."

"I shan't die of the disappointment, Carolyne," was the ungallant rejoinder of the captain. "What's that you are carrying? A trophy?"

"It's a tea-pot. It is a part of Lady Oswald's present. Hers is the best of all, and I have had so many. Come and look at them: they are laid out in the garden room."

"So many tea-pots!" inquired the captain.

"Nonsense, Edward! You know I meant presents."

He drew something covertly from his pocket, and clasped it on her neck. It was a dazzling necklace. Caroline, loving ornaments excessively, was wild with delight.

"Oh, Edward! how kind you are! I never liked you as much as I do now."

"Candid!" cried the captain: and Dr. Davenal laughed outright as he walked away to his consulting-room.

His son followed him. The doctor had taken up the note which he had left on the table, and was about to open it when something strange in its appearance struck upon his eye. He carried it to the window and looked minutely at its fastening, at the claret-colored crest stamped in the envelope, that of the Oswald family.

"Edward," said he, "does it look to you as if this envelope had been tampered with—opened, in fact?"

REFUSED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would post that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodicals, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getting up of a club for THE POST proves the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper. This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The February number of our new magazine surpasses, we think, on the whole, the January number. Its contents are as follows:—

- A beautiful Steel Engraving, "THE SILVER REFRAX."
- A handsome double Colored Fashion Plate—four figures.
- A popular Piece of Music—"KIND FRIENDS ARE NEARER"—an Answer to "WILL CAREY OR MOTHER NOW."
- "OLIVE'S TRIAL"—Illustrated by an excellent wood engraving of "The Rescue of Arthur Steele."
- "THE MAID OF MIMMELHANA"—Illustrated with a fine engraving of one of the scenes.
- FIFTEEN PAGES OF ENGRAVINGS—Illustrative of the Fashions, Work Table, Novelties, Flowers, &c.
- THE COQUETTE'S FATE. By Mrs. B. Z. Spencer.
- MABEL'S MISSION.
- WOMEN'S NOBILIT RIGHTS.
- THE SNOW FLAKE'S STORY. By Sarah T. Bolton.
- THE SORROWS OF ESTELLE LA MATE. By the distinguished English authoress, Mary Howitt.

EUTHANASIA. By Anna F. Kent.
HOW THEY DO IT—A Plan for Widowers. By Marion Harland.
LET ME DREAM OF MY HOME. By Lulu.
THE SECRET ROOM. By Arthur Hampton.
AUTUMN. By Philip H. Chase.
WE TWO. By E. B. S.
OUR LOVE. By J. A. Dargen.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEPTIONS.
FASHIONS, &c., &c.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that "The Lady's Friend" has met with the friendliest kind of a reception from the press and the public, and already numbers a large list of subscribers.

The February number, just issued, may be a few days in reaching some of our list, owing to the fact that the demand for the magazine has exceeded our expectations; and we have had to take time to print extra editions of the January number. We think those who obtain the February number will admit that for the beauty of its illustrations, and the excellence of its general contents, it is not exceeded by any lady's magazine published.

BAD WRITING.

The following is from an English journal: At the harvest home at Slaughton, Sussex, the chairman said Dean Hook had preached them a magnificent sermon. Before the dean went home he asked to leave to print it, telling him he thought they could sell a hundred, and offered to copy out the sermon plain for the printers. The dean made answer and said that would never do, he would write it out badly himself. Upon his asking the dean why, he explained that if the copy was plain it would be put into the hands of the worst compositors; whereas if it was written badly the best hands would get it, and the work would be better done. In confirmation of this, we add that, once upon a time, conversing with Robert Southey, the poet, we alluded to his particularly neat and legible handwriting, saying, that, of course, he must have little trouble in correcting his "proofs." His reply was, "On the contrary, I write so well that my copy is given, as equal to print, among the apprentices, who are careless and incompetent, and make scores of blunders when they set it up. Lord Brougham, on the other hand, writes almost illegibly, and his manuscript goes to the best compositors, who have brains and skill to make out its meaning, and are paid one-third extra for deciphering it."

The above is good enough as a joke, but we doubt its truth, so far as it applies to the practice of the English printers, and are certain it will not hold good as to the customs of American printing offices. The universal rule in the United States is not to call the copy, but to hand it out in rotation, as it comes in. The good hands would raise a just outcry against the practice of giving them all the bad copy.

The truth is, that the author who writes a bad hand, is guilty of stealing the wages of the compositors. And if said author be a professed philanthropist or a clergyman, and the article he is having put into

Captain Davenal examined the fascinating. It was quite daylight still, though the bright sun before the sun went down.

"There's not a doubt of it, in my opinion," he said, handing the note back to his father.

"It's very strange," exclaimed the doctor. "Do you know, it has occurred to me lately to think that two or three of my letters have been opened."

"By their appearance?"

"By their appearance. But I could not be certain how or when it was done; for I know, they might have been re-opened by their writers before forwarding them to me. I do feel, however, sure that this one has been tampered with since it lay here. It came by the same messenger that brought Caroline's present, and Neal brought it in to me. I was deep in thought at the time, and I turned it about in my fingers, looking at it, but not opening it. I knew what its contents were—that they concerned a little matter Lady Oswald had to write to me upon—and I did not open it, but went to the station, leaving it on the table. Now I am fully certain that that appearance of re-opening was not on it then."

"Who can have opened it, then?" quickly cried Captain Davenal.

"Neal."

"Neal?"

"Neal—as I suspect."

"But I thought Neal was so faithful a man—so good a servant altogether?"

"An excellent servant, though I have never liked him. And latterly I have suspected the man's truth and honesty. I don't mean his beauty in regard to goods and chatties, but in regard to his own nature. If my letters have been opened, rely upon it, it is he who has done it."

"Have you spoken to him?"

"No. I shall speak now, though."

Dr. Davenal rang the bell, and Neal appeared. So calm, so quietly unconcerned—not in the least like a man who has just tampered with his master's letters.

"Come forward, Neal. Shut the door for a minute. When I went out just now I left this note on the table—the one you brought in to me from Lady Oswald's servant. I did not open it before I went out; but—it looks to me as if it had been opened since, and closed up again."

Dr. Davenal spoke in a quiet tone. Neal, entirely unaffected, save by a slight natural surprise, stepped close up to the table and looked first at Dr. Davenal and then at the note, which, however, the doctor did not particularly show to him.

"I should think not, sir. There has been no one here to open it."

"That it has been opened I feel certain. Who has been in the room?"

"Not say one, sir," replied Neal. "It has not been entered, so far as I know, since you left it."

There was nothing more to be said, and Dr. Davenal signed to him to go.

"I could not accuse him downright," he remarked to his son; "but enough has been said to put him on his guard not to attempt such a thing again."

"He does not look like a guilty man," cried Captain Davenal. "It is next to impossible to suspect Neal of such a thing. He is too—too—I was going to say too much of a gentleman," broke off Captain Davenal, laughing at his own words. "At any rate, too respectable. His manner betrayed nothing of guilt—nothing of consciousness of the affair. I watched him narrowly."

"True; it did not. He is an innocent man, Ned, or else a finished hypocrite. Of course I may be wrong in my suspicions; honestly to confess it, I have no cause to suspect Neal, beyond the powerful feeling in my mind that he's not to be trusted—a feeling for which I have never been able to account, although it has been upon me since the first day I engaged him."

"We do take up prejudices without knowing why," remarked Captain Davenal. "I suppose sometimes they are false ones.—Here's Neal coming in again."

"I beg your pardon, sir, for having so positively assured you that no one had been in your room," he said, addressing his master. "I remember now that Mr. Cray entered it. I did not think of it, sir, the moment you questioned me."

"If he did, he'd not touch the letter," said Dr. Davenal.

"Certainly not, sir. But I thought it right to come and mention to you that he had been in."

Neal withdrew, and Captain Davenal looked at his father.

"This man seems quite honest in the matter. I think this is an additional proof of it. Had he opened the letter himself he would not have forgotten that another person had been in the room."

Very soon Neal appeared again. This time it was to say that dinner was served. Dr. Davenal added to him to close the door; and he and his son were deep in conversation.

Ten minutes elapsed before they came out. Miss Botkinidget and grumbled, but it did not bring them; and when they did come, the doctor had a strange cloud upon his brow. Edward also, or else Sara faded if; but he grew merry as the dinner advanced, joking and laughing with every one.

She took the opportunity of speaking to him after dinner. He went out on the lawn

at the back, to smoke his cigar in the starlight, and Sara stole after him. He threw his arm round her, and they paced the gravel walk.

"Were you telling papa before dinner that you should have to leave to-morrow?" she asked.

"I was telling him worse than that, my little sister."

"Worse?"

"You loving ones at home will think it so. You will, Sara. And my father—it's a blow to my father."

Sara Davenal's heart was beating against her side; a thousand improbabilities rushed into her brain. "Tell it me, Edward," she said, very calmly. Sometimes, in moments of agitation, she could be calm, almost unnaturally so, outwardly. It is frequently the case with those who feel the deepest.

"The regiment's ordered abroad."

"Oh, Edward!"

For a few minutes neither spoke again. Sara's greatest thought was for her father. She seemed to have divined how cruelly Dr. Davenal felt the separation from his sons; Richard dead, Edward in London with his regiment. If he had to go abroad to remote countries, thousands of miles away—why, almost as good that he had died. They should feel it so.

"And that explains why I could not get a long leave," he resumed. "There's so much of preparation to be made; and we officers have to look to everything, for the men as well as for ourselves."

"Have you told papa this?" breathed Sara.

"I have told him, but not quite the worst yet. I did not say how soon we expect to sail."

"And when do you sail?" asked Sara, breathlessly.

"In a week or two."

They paced on in silence. Captain Davenal suddenly looked down at her and detected tears.

"Don't grieve, child. I am but a worthless sort of brother after all, never with you. Perhaps I shall come back a better one."

"Edward, can't you sell out?"

"Sell out?" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Sell out because we are ordered on active service. You are a brave soldier's sister, Miss Sara Davenal!"

"Some time ago, when there was a question of the regiment's going out, you were to have exchanged into another, and remained at home, Edward. It was just after Richard's death, I remember. Can you not do that now?"

"No, I cannot. I can neither sell out nor exchange. It is impossible."

There was so much grave meaning in his tone, that Sara looked up involuntarily. He laughed at her earnest face.

"Oh, Edward! must you go?"

"There's no help for it."

"Where do you go?"

"Malta first. India—as we suppose—afterwards."

"Papa may be dead before you return."

"No, no! I trust not."

"It will be as though he had no children!" she exclaimed, almost passionately, in her love for her father, in her grief. "Richard dead; you gone: he will have none left."

"He will have you, Sara."

"I! Who am I?"

"The best of us. You have given him no grief in all your life; I and poor Dick have plenty. It is best as it is, Sara."

"Don't say so. It cannot be for the best. When do you really go?" she continued, a faint sad fear upon her that it was sooner than he had confessed. "Tell me the real truth."

"I have told you the real truth, Sara, as far as I know it. We expect to sail in ten days or a fortnight, but don't know exactly. I do not think it will be delayed longer than that."

"You will come down again to take leave?"

"Of course I shall."

Sara could scarcely speak for the sobs that were rising. She strove bravely to beat them down, for Sara Davenal was an undemonstrative nature and could not bear that its signs of emotion should be betrayed outwardly. She loved her brother greatly; even the more, as the doctor did, for the loss of Richard; and this going abroad for an indefinite period, perhaps for ever, rang in her ears as the very knell of hope. He might never return: he might go away, as Richard had, only to die.

How long they continued to pace that walk underneath the privet-hedge, which skirted and hid the narrow sidepath leading from the house to the stables, Sara scarcely knew. Captain Davenal spoke little, he seemed buried in thought; Sara could not speak at all, her heart was full. Rarely had the night's brilliant stars looked down on a sadness deeper felt than was that of Sara Davenal.

PART VIII.

A TREAT FOR NEAL.

Nearly four-and-twenty hours subsequent to that, Dr. Davenal was pacing the same walk side by side with Lady Oswald. The wedding was over, the guests were gone, and the house, after the state breakfast, had resumed its tranquillity. Of the guests, Lady Oswald had alone remained, with

the exception of Mr. Oswald Cray. It was one of those elaborate breakfast-dinners which take hours to eat, and five o'clock had struck ere the last carriage drove from the door.

Lady Oswald asked for some tea; Miss Davenal, as great a lover of tea as herself, partook of it with her. Captain Davenal preferred a cigar, and went into the garden to smoke it: Mr. Oswald Cray accompanied him, but he never smoked. Both of them were to return to town by the seven o'clock train.

By-and-bye, the tea over, the rest came out on the lawn to join them—Lady Oswald and Miss Davenal in their rich, rustling silks, Sara in her white bridesmaid's dress. The open air of the warm, lovely evening, was inexpressibly grateful after the feasting and fume of the day, and they lingered until twilight fell on the earth. Miss Davenal went in then; but Lady Oswald wrapped her Indian Cashmere shawl, worth a hundred guineas, Hallingham said, more closely round her, and continued to talk to Dr. Davenal as they paced together the sidewalk.

Her chief theme was the one on which you have already heard her descant—that unwelcome project of the railway sheds. It had dropped through for a time. There had been a lull in the storm ever since it was broached in the summer. Lady Oswald complacently believed her remonstrance had found weight with the authorities of the line, to whom she had addressed a long, if not a very temperate letter; but, in point of fact, the commencement of the work had been delayed for some convenience of their own. Only on this very morning a rumor had reached Lady Oswald's ears that it was now to be set about immediately.

"I am not satisfied with Oswald," she was saying to the doctor. "Did you observe how he avoided the subject of the breakfast-table? When I told him he might exercise his power with the company, and prevent it if he pleased, he turned it off quietly."

"I think he did not care to defend himself publicly, or to enter upon the matter," observed the doctor. "Rely upon it, he would prevent it if he could; but his influence does not extend so far."

"I know he says it does not," was the observation of Lady Oswald. "Do you think he is true?"

"True!" repeated Dr. Davenal, scarcely understanding in his surprise. "Oswald Cray true! Yes, Lady Oswald. Never man lived yet more honestly true than Oswald Cray."

He looked towards Oswald Cray as he spoke, pacing the broad middle walk with his son and Sara; at the calm, good face, with its earnest expression, every line, every feature speaking truth and honor; and the doctor's judgment re-echoed his words.

"Yes, Lady Oswald, he is a true man, whatever else he may be."

"I always deemed him so. But—to protest that he would help me if he could; and now to let this dreadful threat arise again!"

"But he cannot prevent its arising," returned the doctor, wishing Lady Oswald would exercise a little common sense in the matter. "He is but a servant of the company, and must carry out their wishes."

"I don't believe it," peevishly replied Lady Oswald. "He is the engineer to the company; and it is well known that an engineer does as he pleases, and lays his own plans."

"He is one of the engineers; the junior one, it may be said. I suppose you will not forgive me, Lady Oswald, if I point out, that when your interests and the line's are at issue, as in this matter, Oswald Cray, of all others, is forced to obey the former."

"Was there ever so monstrously wicked a project formed?" asked Lady Oswald, with some agitation.

"It is very unfortunate," was the more temperate reply. "I wish they had fixed upon any grounds but yours."

"I wish they had! It will send me into my grave!"

Caroline's words! spoken, as such words mostly are, spoken, unmeaningly. If Lady Oswald could but have known how miserably they were destined to be marked out! If Dr. Davenal had but foreseen how that marking out would affect all his after life—change as it were, its current, and that of one who was dear to him!

"And because that worry was not enough, I have had a second to annoy me to-day," resumed Lady Oswald. "Jones gave warning to leave."

"Indeed!" returned Dr. Davenal, and the tone of his voice betrayed his concern. He knew how minor vexations were made troubles of by Lady Oswald; and the parting with Jones, her steady coachman of many years, would be a trouble not much less great than this threatened building of the sheds.

"Why is Jones leaving?" he inquired.

"Because he does not know when he's well off," was the retort, spoken querulously. "The servants lately have been all quarrelling together, I find, and Jones says he won't remain. I asked Parkins what was good for not to stop their quarrelling, and she burst into tears in my face, and said it was not her fault. You are best off,

doctor. Your servants are treasures. Look at Neal!"

"I don't know that Neal is much of a treasure," was the doctor's answer. "I'd make him over to your ladyship with all the pleasure in life. Do you feel the chill of the evening air?"

Lady Oswald looked up at the clear sky; at the evening star, just visible, and said she did not feel the chill yet.

Dr. Davenal resumed.

"I have grown to dislike Neal, Lady Oswald. In strict correctness, however, 'grown to dislike' is not the best term, for I have disliked him ever since he has been with me. He—"

"Disliked Neal!" interrupted Lady Oswald, wondering whether she might trust her ears. "You dislike Neal! Why?"

"I can scarcely tell you why. I don't think I know myself. But I do very much dislike him; and the dislike grows upon me."

"You never mentioned this. I thought you were so satisfied with Neal."

"I have not mentioned it. I have felt a sort of repugnance to mention what would appear so unfounded a prejudice. Neal is an efficient servant, and the dislike arose to me without cause: just as instincts do. Latterly, however, I begin to doubt whether Neal is so desirable a retainer as we have deemed him."

"In what way do you doubt him?"

Dr. Davenal smiled.

"I doubt has arisen to me whether he is true—as you have just said by Mr. Oswald Cray. I shall watch the man; and, now that my suspicions are awakened, detection will be more easy. Should he turn out to be what I fear—a deceitful fellow, worse than worthless—he will be sent out of my house head foremost, at a minute's warning, and get his true character. Lady Oswald, I think I could pardon anything rather than deceit."

"How angrily you speak!" breathlessly exclaimed Lady Oswald.

The words recalled him to courtesy.

"I fear I did; and I ought to have remembered that he was a respected servant once of Sir John's, that it was you who recommended him to me. You will pardon my warmth, Lady Oswald: to any less close friend than yourself I should not have mentioned this. The fact is, a most unjustifiable trick was played me yesterday, and it is impossible for me to suspect anybody but Neal. I shall watch him."

"What trick was it?" asked Lady Oswald.

Dr. Davenal hesitated before he spoke. "Perhaps it would be scarcely fair to mention it, even to you, Lady Oswald. I am not certain: there's just a loophole of possibility. If I find I am wrong, I will honestly confess it to you: if the contrary, you and the world will know what a worthless scamp we have nourished in Neal."

Very agreeable words indeed! especially to Neal himself, who had the satisfaction of hearing them. Mr. Neal, with his soft tread, was gingerly pacing the narrow path behind the private-hedge, his steps keeping level with theirs; he having strolled out to take the evening air, and to hear all that he could hear.

They were interrupted by the approach of Captain Davenal and Mr. Oswald Cray. It was getting towards the hour of their departure. Sara came up with them. The doctor laid his hand on his daughter's shoulder, and she walked by his side.

"Going? Nonsense!" said the doctor.

"There's no hurry yet."

"When shall you be down again, Oswald?" asked my lady.

"I believe very shortly. I must be down—" about these alterations," he had been on the point of saying, but stopped himself in time. There was no cause for bringing up the sore story oftener to her than was necessary.

"Will you promise that they shall not build those horrible sheds?"

"If it lay with me, I would willingly promise it," was his reply. "I wish you would believe me, dear Lady Oswald."

"Of course I have no claim upon you," she fretfully continued. "I know that. It is not my fault, if I am unable to leave my fortune to you—what little I may have to leave. There are others who, in my opinion, have a greater claim upon me."

He seemed not to understand her. He turned his glance full upon her haughtily questioning.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say, Lady Oswald?"

"Oswald, I have never spoken distinctly to you about my money," she resumed. "I like you very much, and should have been glad to leave some to you: it is natural you should be looking out for it, but—"

Every line of his pale face was ablaze with pride as he interrupted her; his voice calm, low, terribly stern, was ten times more impressive in its truth than one loud and angry could have been.

"Allow me to set you right, Lady Oswald. I have never in my life looked for one shilling of money from you: I do not recognize, or believe, or see, any claim I can by possibility have upon you: of the whole world, the Oswalds are those upon whom I could least recognize it—from whom I would the least accept it. I pray your ladyship to understand me in the fullest sense

of the words—from whom I would never accept it."

Never had he looked so like the Oswalds as he looked then. The red color came into Sara's cheeks, and a faint sense of dread (did it come as a prophetic warning?) stole into her heart—that that pride might prove her deadliest enemy; perhaps his. Lady Oswald's mood changed, and she laughed.

"You are independent, Oswald."

"I am self-dependent," was his answer.

"A fair field and no favor are all I ask. I believe I can make my way in the world far better than money could make it for me. It is what I mean to try at—and do, Heaven helping me."

"But you need not have glared at me in that way," she said, relapsing into fretfulness. "I declare I thought it was old Sir Oswald of Thorndyke come out of his grave. My nerves are not strong, and that you know."

A better feeling came over him, and he held out his hand to Lady Oswald, his smiling smile wonderfully frank and sweet.

"Forgive me if anything in my speech or manner has offended you, dear Lady Oswald. But I believe you vexed me more than I have ever been vexed in my life."

"Well, well: you shall be as independent as you please," said Lady Oswald. "Let us change the subject. When do you intend to follow Mark's example, and marry?"

"Not until I can afford it better than than Mark could, I was going to say," he added, glancing at Dr. Davenal and laughing.

"You do mean to marry sometime, Oswald?"

"I hope so."

The answer was spoken so fervently, that they looked at him in surprise. Sara continued to draw behind, and began plucking one of the flowers, already closing to the night. He resumed carelessly, as if conscious that his tones had been too earnest for general ears.

"Mean do marry for the most part in this good old-fashioned land of ours, and my turn may come sometime. I think our time is nearly up, Davenal."

The captain took out his watch.

"In a minute or two. We can walk it in ten minutes, if we put out our best speed."

As they went in, Oswald Cray looked round for Sara, and found she had not followed them. He turned back to her.

"I must say good-bye to you. Sara! you are crying!"

"Oh, no," she answered, brushing away the rebellious tears. "It's nothing."

He took her hand and placed it within his arm, and they advanced slowly to the house.

"Will you tell me what the 'nothing' is?" he asked, in a low tone which of itself was sufficient to invite confidence.

"I cannot bear to part with Edward," she answered. "Nothing has been said about it; but he brought down bad news. They are ordered to Malta; and thence, he thinks, they shall go to India. Edward said he should tell you as you went back to-night."

It was entire news to him, and he thought how greatly Dr. Davenal must feel it. Few admired that fine young officer, Edward Davenal, more than Oswald Cray. But he had no time to discuss it now, scarcely to say a word of sympathy.

"Good-bye!" he whispered, as they halted on the threshold and he turned to press her hand in both of his, bending his face a little down. "Good-bye. And remember."

"Remember what?" she asked.

"That you don't belong quite to yourself now."

on, Editor.

AY, JANUARY 1864.

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print be full of high-sounding phrases about justice and benevolence, the inconsistency between his profession and his practice becomes something ludicrous. A compositor is generally paid, not by the day, but in accordance with the amount of matter which he sets up; and, if the writing be difficult to decipher, of course he cannot make his average wages.

And there is something more than this to be considered. Type setting, at the best, is a very hard upon the nervous system. It is a business that we, for one, would not willingly follow, so long as a job of street sweeping could be obtained. Now the strain upon the nerves is of course greatly increased by having to puzzle out an obscure manuscript. Therefore the author who sends in badly-written copy to the printing office, is not only guilty of theft, but, in some degree, also of murder.

And what we have said of the wrong done the compositor, will apply equally to the injury inflicted upon editors and proof readers by illegible writers. Who steals the editor's time, which is his money?—who ruins his eye-sight and his nerves?—who makes him feel like using profane language? (of course no patient editor is ever guilty of the thing itself)—who is the guilty author of all these grievous wrongs? the writer who, with the conscience of a hyena, and the cold-bloodedness of an alligator, sends him illegible manuscript. Many must be the talents of a man to excuse this awful sin of bad writing, and great his words and deeds of philanthropy to make us believe him anything else than a hypocrite and a sham.

COLONEL SHAW.

In her recent lecture at Chicago, in aid of the Old Ladies' Home, Grace Greenwood related the following incident of her travels in Europe:—

"She remembered riding in a carriage, by the borders of the Mediterranean, with an intimate friend by her side. They talked of the ancient heroes of Rome. In this connection her friend spoke of her own brave boy, who was receiving his education in Switzerland, and who, she said, was the light of her eyes. She knew that he would grow up with every advantage, and have plenty of friends. With more than Roman virtue, she hoped he would devote himself to the service of his country, and to freedom. Since that time she had often thought of that conversation, for the young man referred to was Col. R. G. Shaw, one of the heroes of Fort Wagner.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. Published by Messrs Ticknor & Fields, Boston. The Atlantic, for February, contains articles by Holmes, Mrs. Stowe, Robert Dale Owen, J. T. Trowbridge, H. H. Arnold, Alice Cary, Agassiz, Mrs. Akers, &c. The Atlantic has earned for itself a proud position in American periodical literature, and we are glad to hear that its subscription list is steadily increasing. The following is Dr. Holmes's contribution to the present number:—

THE LAST CHARGE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Now, men of the North! will you join in the strife
For country, for freedom, for honor, for life?
The giant grows blind in his fury and spite—
One blow on his forehead will settle the fight!

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of steel,
And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon peal!
Mount, troopers, and follow your game to its lair,
As the bound tracks the wolf and the beagle the hare!

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till sluggards awake!
Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-hearted shake!
Yet, yet, ere the signal is stamped on the scroll,
Their names may be traced in the blood-sprinkled roll!

Trust not the false herald that painted your shield;
True honor is-day must be sought on the field!
Her scutcheon shows white with a blazon of red—
The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed!

The hour is at hand, and the moment draws nigh!
The dog-star of treason grows dim in the sky!
Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of the morn,
Call back the bright hour when the Nation was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys shall run,
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;
Smite, smite the proud pariahs down from his throne—
His sceptre once broken, the world is our own!

SALATHIEL; THE WANDERING JEW. A story of The Past, The Present, and The Future. By the Rev. GEORGE CHOLLY. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

This is a new edition of a work which we have never read, but which, as the critics generally speak of it in very high terms, we take for granted is well worth the reading.

AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.—The last number of this periodical, in addition to its usual confidential correspondence, notes on books and bookellers, book notices, announcements of new books, and lists of works recently published in the United States and Great Britain, contains a well-written obituary of Tackeway. We quote in another place the critic's verdict upon the literary merits of the late novelist—a verdict which we are disposed to think will be about that which posterity will pass upon him.

A CENTENARIAN'S ADVICE.

TO THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.
The venerable Daniel Waldo, of Syracuse, New York, has attained the extraordinary age of one hundred and one years, and the Observer publishes a singularly vivacious letter, written by him on his latest birthday. It is as follows:—

SYRACUSE, Sept. 10, 1863.

Dear Brother:—I returned from Oswego yesterday, where I went to assist in organizing a Congregational Association, and where I saw the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, who sent his most affectionate regards to you. On my passage to Syracuse, the cars being crowded, a young married lady, with two children, took a seat with me—one was a year old, the other was three. The subject of our conversation was family government. I said to her that I had formerly raised several colts, and always halter-broke them before they were weaned; and after they were thoroughly subdued, they would not break a low-stir. We must begin to halter-break children at six months old. The first time a child puts its finger on a table, remove it with a frown and shake of the head. If the finger is put on the table the second time, repeat "No, no" with a severe scowl, and gently prick the finger with a pin. If it is put on the third time, pat it with a stern look, or prick it a little deeper. These little corrections, properly administered, may save the necessity of forty stripes save one when the child is ten or twelve years old. If the will of a child is not broken before the age of three, you need not expect that it ever will be until he is renewed by Divine grace. Have you read Lord Brougham's Moral Philosophy? He has many good remarks on the right management of children. We need more mothers well posted in the science of human nature. I have submitted the above to the inspection of my "Secretary of State," (his granddaughter), and she pronounces it legible to all who can decipher quail tracks. Please to give my kind regards to all your family, and believe me Truly yours DANIEL WALDO.

THE IMPUDENT COMMITTEE-MAN.

Henry Ward Beecher tells the following story in the Independent:—

On one occasion, being solicited to attend a meeting in New York, we categorically declined. "Would we not make a prayer?" "No." "Or pronounce a benediction?" "No." "Or just be present on the stage, so that it could be advertised that we would take part in the meeting?" "No, we would not take any part, nor sit on the platform, nor attend the meeting at all!" Nevertheless, in a day or two, we saw ourselves announced in the most jubilant manner, as a speaker on the occasion!

In some rare, we addressed a note to the offender, threatening to expose him. He promised to withdraw the advertisement— which he did on the morning of the day for the meeting, after it had stood for a week— and as to apology, when the meeting came off, the offender came forward and stated that he was sorry to say that "Mr. B., who had hoped to be present, had been prevented by other engagements!"—leaving the audience to understand that an agreement had been broken! On reading this wanton explanation the next morning in the newspapers, we passed through all the colors of the rainbow, and no pain seemed severe enough for this miscreant committee-man, and we have suffered him to go unpunished to this day, simply because we have not yet made up our mind what punishment is good enough for him.

"Five Primus," said a tutor to the young gentleman he was examining in astronomy, "does the sun go round the earth, or the earth go round the sun?" "The sun goes round the earth, sir," quoth Five Primus, a respectable fox-hunter and a prime fellow. "What do you say, Five Secundus?" "The earth goes round the sun, sir," replied Five Secundus, a stupid, slovenly fellow, who was destined for the church, and read hard for bibles. "Well, Five Tertius, what do you say, which?—does the sun go round the earth, or the earth go round the sun?" Five Tertius was a dandy of the first water, a gentleman upon town, "wide awake," and possessing all the proverbial talent of a younger brother. Passing his slender fingers through his curls, and hemming fashionably for a moment, he replied, "Sometimes the one, and sometimes the other."

Eleven hundred persons in Newbern, North Carolina, have taken the oath annexed to the President's amnesty proclamation.

On a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied:—"Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

An Irishman says that Scotland far surpasses China in its productions, as it always has a whole river Tay running through it.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH, 1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALVIN COPE, Treasurer, N. R. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Phila.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIM, Chairman. Mrs. R. H. MOORE, Sec. Mrs. GEORGE PLATT, Rec. Sec. Mrs. W. H. FURNACE. Mrs. LATROFF. Mrs. M. M. DUANE. Mrs. FLORENCE M. CLAPP, Assoc. Sec.

MANSFIELD SOLDIERS' AID. FIRST REPORT.

October, 1863.

This Society has just completed its second year of hospital. The first meeting having been held on the day of the first National Fair, September 20, 1861, in response to a call from Gen. Hale, then Quarter-Master of the state, for aid in furnishing socks and blankets for the Pennsylvania volunteers. As the new Society was destitute of funds, and Gen. Hale proposed to pay for the socks, it was resolved to accept his offer, and devote the proceeds to the purchase of materials, to be made up into clothing and comforts for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers.

The officers elected were: President—Mrs. James R. Wilson. Vice President—Mrs. John Voorhees. Treasurer—Mrs. Justus B. Clark. Secretary—Mrs. Jos. P. Morris. These have all continued in office during the two years, except Mrs. Clark, who resigned, and Mrs. W. Cochran was elected Treasurer in her place.

The Mansfield Soldiers' Aid was the first organization of the kind in the country, and we know of none in the state, except the Philadelphia Ladies' Aid, of an earlier date. Impressed with a sense of the great work which lay before the loyal women of the land, we at once sent circulars to each Post-office and to most of the clergy in the county, inviting them to inaugurate similar associations. In several places aid societies were formed, some of which still continue in operation. Others have proved only "three or nine months' volunteers." One hundred and fifteen pairs of socks were sent to Gen. Hale, for which we received \$31.05, and with this small amount we commenced our hospital-work! The first box, a drygoods box of the largest size, was packed in December 1861, containing quilts, blankets, pillows, &c., donated by individuals, and forwarded to the Philadelphia Ladies' Aid.

A pleasant episode in the history of the Society, was the presentation of a flag, and the name of "Tioga Mountaineers," a company raised in and near Mansfield, by Capt. Jos. R. Hoard. The flag is still in the keeping of Company B, 101st Pennsylvania volunteers, now at Newbern, N. C., and is to be returned after the war.

The Society forwarded, up to October 1863, seven large boxes of bedding, clothing, &c.; three barrels of jellies, wines, and dried fruit; three kegs of pickles. A serious mistake, and cause of discouragement in the earlier days of our Society, was in attempting to fill boxes of a very large size, which required months of effort to fill, the clothing meantime becoming unsalable. The plan now adopted is much better—to use cases about equal to a barrel in size, which are soon filled, and the frequent sending off of parcels, as an encouraging and enlivening effect upon the Society.

In the spring of 1863, the Mansfield Society became auxiliary to the Sanitary Commission, to which noble, National Institution we can intrust our offerings, with entire confidence that they will be so distributed as shall best promote the comfort of the brave men, who, perilling life and limb, for our common country, have by the casualties of war become inmates of our military hospitals. If we remember them as often and as tenderly as we should, we shall esteem it a privilege as well as a duty, to do all we can for them, and only grieve that we can do no more for such an army as ours, fighting in defence of such a country!

In raising funds we have found entertainments of various kinds, most productive. We are now trying, with fair success, to obtain a list of monthly contributors. The Society can make no imposing report of money expended, or of work accomplished. The number of our working members is small, and our means limited. We confess, however, to a degree of pride, in having been pioneers in so noble a work, and that we enlisted "for the war!"

SARAH E. MORRIS, Secretary and Associate Manager of "W. P. B." for the E. Section of Tioga county.

We often wish that we had time to note down all the interesting little incidents that occur during the unpacking of boxes. This morning a barrel from Byberry Township was opened, and in it was found a small box directed, "For a wounded soldier, prepared by Clara Thornton, aged 10 years."

We opened the box, and found it neatly packed with three towels, three handkerchiefs, a roll of linen, a paper of farina, a memorandum book and pencil, a pin-cushion filled with pins, a comb, and a bottle of cologne. The thoughtful kindness of this child brought tears to our eyes. We wished that every little girl and boy could see what she had accomplished, and be stimulated by it to some labor of love for the soldiers who are suffering so much for them. We are not called upon to work for well soldiers. Government is able and willing to provide for them; but for the sick and wounded soldiers there is a great deal that Government cannot do; and they are dependent upon just such acts of generosity as the ones we have recorded, for many of the articles of comfort which relieve their sufferings, and in very many instances have saved their lives. The drops of dew and rain that swell the tiny streamlet seem almost useless by themselves; but were it not for them our beautiful rivers would soon be dry—even our fields would be destitute of vegetation. Let no one then withhold their offering because it is a small one. It is the myriads of small offerings flowing into the broad channel of the Sanitary Commission, which makes this organization such a tower of strength. All the gold which California has sent, does not

equal in value the supplies furnished by the faithful industry of our women and children. A letter received this morning from a teacher in a boarding school, announcing the forwarding of a box, says, in closing, "The North Wales Institute is a small boarding school, and the contents of the two boxes which have been sent from it to you, have been prepared by the joint efforts of the teachers and scholars of both sexes. Please across so long a letter about a little box, from one who feels a grateful and proud interest in everything the Sanitary Commission does." Such letters as this, such incidents as the one narrated above, encourage and cheer us, and lighten the burden of our daily labor.

We are often asked the question, "What is a good deal most now?" by the members of Aid Societies, who are anxious to turn their work to the best account. We copy a few lines from a letter that we have recently received from Dr. Marsh, one of the Sanitary Commission Inspectors stationed at Beaufort, S. C. He not only answers this question, but suggests thoughts which we feel must inspire every worker to renewed efforts in behalf of our suffering soldiers. We hear that our supplies are low in the Southern Department? Shall they be so any longer? Dr. Marsh writes:

"Say to those ladies that we need everything that the love and industry of women can furnish. It is their wise forethought that feeds and clothes the soldier in sickness; and the remembrance of which, I assure you, renders his arm strong in the hour of battle. But the greatest good that our women do for the poor soldier in the field is not material. When he receives an article from the Sanitary Commission, he knows that if not his own mother with her sister has prepared it, some one sustaining that relation has. His heart is thus warmed by a fire kindled on a home altar, and thereby his life is helped to be kept pure. To the moral, even more than to the physical well-being, do all women who contribute to Sanitary Commission supplies minister."

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Jan. 18th, 1864. The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Burlington, N. J., 1 pkg. Mrs. A. M. Hyde, Sec'y; School Lane Circle, 1 pkg. Mrs. W. T. Johnson, Sec'y; Mr. Isaac Winslow, 1 box Irish moss; A. & M. Sager, 904 Arch st., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, East Freedom, Blair co., 3 kegs; 1 box, Mrs. C. G. Butler; Charleston Aid Society, Melboro, Tioga co., 1 box; Moore, 1 box; 1 keg; Mrs. Andrew Russell, Fottville, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Palmyra, Wayne co., N. Y., 3 boxes; Ladies' Aid, Tunkhannock, Wyoming co., Miss R. Carey, Sec'y, 1 box; Soldiers' Aid, Lemon, Wyoming co., Mrs. B. M. Kelley, Sec'y, 1 box; Aid Society, Mansfield, Tioga co., E. E. Morris, Sec'y, 1 box; Vaughn Sewing Circle, woolen shirts; Industrial Branch, Miss E. H. Haven, socks, mittens, clothing; Lock Haven, Clifton co., 3 boxes; Aid Society, Dennistown, Cape May co., N. J., 1 box; Sec'y, 1 box; Middle Township, Cape May co., N. J., 1 box; Germantown Hospital, empty boxes; Dimock Ladies' Aid, Bucks co., Hannah G. Rowland, 1 box; 1 pkg.; St. Mark's church, 1 pkg. Mrs. Tilghman, Sec'y; Friendsville, Susquehanna co., Mrs. Dr. Reed, Sec'y, 1 box; Mrs. Wm. Colquhoun, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Gwynedd, Montgomery co., Miss B. M. Meredith, 1 box; Dimock Ladies' Aid, Susquehanna co., Miss Woodruff, West Auburn, Susquehanna co., Mrs. M. C. Lacey, Sec'y, 1 box; 1 keg, unknown; Charleston Aid Society, A. E. Moore, Sec'y, 1 pkg.

Some witty chap indites the following good thing:—

The match was a regular greenback match, That could not by law be stayed; His offer a legal tender was, And she was the tender maid (made.)

COLD.—We begin to believe that the muskrats out West were right in their predictions and precautions, and that the old sea captain who talked about a mild winter on account of the nearer approach of the Gulf Stream to our shores was very wild in his reckoning. There is every indication that the reason will be set down as one of the severest on record.—Exchange paper.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school was questioning his pupils concerning the addresses made to them during the previous session. "Children, what did Mr. Phony tell you this morning?" No answer was made. "Can't any one tell me what he said? Some, can't you remember?" Susie, a bright little girl of seven years arose, and with one finger in her mouth, bashfully blurted out: "Pleathe thir, he talked, and he talked, and he thed ath how he loved uth, and he talked—and—we all thought he wath a-goin' to thay something, but he didn't thay nothin'!" Those who undertake to address Sabbath-school children without having anything to say, may learn something from Susie.

A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a bishop, a wag remarked that "it must have been Bishop the composer."

A NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.—While a slater of this place was plying his vocation the other day on the top of a house in this neighborhood, a garrulous female took occasion to lecture him for composing such a dangerous trade, adding that the least puff of wind might send him unprepared into eternity.

"Oh! but you do not ken, gudewife," quoth he of the house-top, "that I am fulfilling the Scriptures!"

Fulfilling the Scriptures, James! that's impossible, for there's no so word of a slater in the Bible that'er I read or heard of."

"I am nevertheless right, tho'," was the reply, "did ye ever read in the Bible, that it is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a bawling woman, in a wide house?"—Perth (Scotland) Courier.

If Brigham Young should lose one of his five-and-sixty wives, would he be a widower?

FOUR FABLES.

KNOW YOUR FRIENDS.

"Oh, here come the swallows!" said the spring flowers; "that is delightful!" They smiled at one another, and looked upward joyously, as the birds wheeled their flight in the bright sky.

"The swallows! the swallows!" said the little streams and brooks. "There's an end of ice and snow to chain us and block us up!" and they prattled and bubbled, full of frolic, over their stony beds, making much of the birds as they dipped in their waters.

"Why do they ever leave us?" asked the flowers one of another, bending their little heads for a conference. "While they are here, all is happy and bright. Let us make a plan to keep them here all the year round."

"Why do they leave us?" said the brooks to the rills, and the rills to the small streams. "No frost! no snow! while they are with us. We will secure them, and keep a year of summer. Consult! Consult!" and there was a meeting of the waters.

Summer smiled on them. "Children," she said, "if you can lay a trap that will imprison me, and stay my departing, you may reckon safely on the swallows remaining. With me they come—with me they go. You owe them to me—not me to them."

HOW TO KNOW A GOOSE.

"Mother! mother!" cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from his first flight, "I'm so frightened; I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the old rook.

"Oh, white creatures—screaming and running and straining their necks, and holding their heads over so high. See, mother, there they go!"

"Goose, my son—merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. Through life, child, observe that when you meet with any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once as a goose."

THE THREE COLORS.

There was a feud—red, and blue, and yellow stood in open defiance, each of the other two.

"Acknowledge me chief!" said red. "I am ever the emblem of charity. All that is warm and redolent of comfort and kindness is arrayed in my tints. I rest on this rose, and claim precedence."

"Acknowledge me chief!" said blue. "I am the emblem of truth. All that is high and pure and just wears my hue. I rise and shine from yonder sky, and claim precedence."

"Acknowledge me chief!" said yellow. "I am the emblem of light and glory. Kings are crowned, palaces glitter with my lustrous color. Receive me, oh, sun! to thee I call and claim precedence."

"Ah, my children!" said the sun, "the very heavens weep at your dissension. Be reconciled, I pray, and show your strength of beauty where it must ever lie—in harmony." And they rose at the entreaty, and embraced in the fearful clouds, and the sun shone out on them, and glorious in loveliness was the rainbow they made.

SOMETHING FOR BOTH SIDES.

"How we are admired!" said the waters of a rushing cascade to the rocks over which they fell, as many standers by exclaimed at their beauty.

"Whom do you mean by us?" asked the rocks.

"Whom? why, we waters, of course," was the reply.

"Are you so foolish and vain?" asked the rocks, frowning. "Can you not see that they who behold tremble before us. You are merely worthy of remark because you are a feature in the scene."

"Hah! hah! hah!" shouted the waters, and rushed on, echoing the laugh from point to point. "Do you really think your rugged faces would charm any one unless adorned with our brilliancy?"

"Depart!" said the rocks, with terrible frown, "and leave us to stand alone; then we shall know to whom beauty and glory belong."

"Let us leave them, and flow over yonder mead," said the waters. They did so, and the rocks were silent, and so was the flood of the fields. None came to gaze nor to listen.

"Ah!" murmured the waters, "we should not have refused the rocks their share of honor. Truly they made us a thing of beauty."

LATEST NEWS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 24.—The Dispatch says that Captain Ekin, a staff officer from Knoxville, which place he left on Thursday last, brings information that Longstreet has been reinforced with 25,000 men, and was advancing on Knoxville, putting Gen. Grant's forces before him. It was thought that our reinforcements at Knoxville, which are reported that John Morgan, at the head of 5,000 cavalry, will make a movement to cut off the communication between Knoxville and Chattanooga, or a raid into Kentucky. Advice from Gen. Grant's army state that the trains are running regularly between Nashville and Chattanooga. The shipping of the railroad to Knoxville is to be commenced. Gen. Grant arrived at the front on the 23d.

Private letters from Fort Hudson state that the rebels are concentrating near Fort Hudson and Baton Rouge.

A dispatch from the headquarters in western Virginia says that a rebel mail has been captured. The letters confirm the statement in regard to retreating, &c., in the South.

Gen. Rosecrans has been ordered to take command of the Department of Missouri.

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband, she adds a wrinkle to her face! It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband, it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

"Bum," said an Irishman to a fellow servant, "what are the bells ringing for?" "In honor of the Prince's birthday," was the reply. "Be sly, Jewel," rejoined Pat, "none of your tricks upon travellers; 'twas the Prince of Wales's on the ninth, and how can it be his sister's twelve days after, unless they were twins."

An author speaks of boys—especially "stuck up" boys—of eighteen or twenty, as having arrived at an "age of demutability."

A QUEEN CUSTOM.—Captain Knight is the author of a "Diary of a Pedestrian in Cashmere and Thibet," in which he records the following item:—"One of the most curious farming customs in the heights (of Thibet) is that of stuffing quantities of hay among the higher branches of trees—the snow in winter lying five or six yards deep, and the sheep, which abound in these districts, being then able to get at the hay." This makes us think of Baron Munchausen, with his horse tied to the church steeple.

A man was baked to death in a patent leather factory at Newark, New Jersey, on Saturday last. He went into a heated chamber to warm himself, and was overpowered by the heat.

COOL.—A recruit in the Third New Hampshire Regiment, while the "long-roll" was beating furiously, and the rebels every moment expected to be in camp, quietly put his head out of the tent, and asked the Colonel, who was standing near, "if they should come out with dress coats or trousers?"

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time, they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house; but he refused to see her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

A doctor of divinity did a fine thing the other day in ringing the changes on "He that hath ears to hear let him hear."

"He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympanum."

The following is the present form of a promissory note in Dixie:—

"For value received I promise to pay To Thomas Shaw, at any day, A perk of beans, five pounds of fax, At any day which he shall ax."

It is a curious fact, that while some birds refuse to sing when the cage is darkened, others have softer and sweeter notes of song. And so it is in human existence. When the soul of one comes under the "shadow of a great affliction," it has no longer the voice of melody. The resources and the heart of joy are gone. But another sits in shadow, and sends up to God the pure tones of music, and loftiest strains of praise from a chastened spirit. It was thus with David, whose harpings are never so heavenly as when they rise from the "depths" of his sorrow.

The ladies of East Tennessee are represented as unquestionably loyal. They improve every opportunity to "kiss the dear old flag," and now and then kiss its good-looking defenders.

The Lewiston Journal tells a good story of an officer of the 29th Maine, who, being introduced to a farmer's buxom daughter, for the first time, on Christmas day, returned next day with a minister and married her off hand. If he is as successful in his fighting as in his love affairs, he will soon be a promising candidate for promotion.

WHAT ENGLAND IS MOST NOTED FOR.—The Sultan has come to the conclusion, through the late races, that English horses far excel the Arab horses—an issue not doubted in England, though disputed in France—perhaps for the sake of antipathy to the Briton, who, the French say, has only arrived at perfection in two things—races and Windsor soap.

Even if your enemy is as small as a fly, fancy him as large as an elephant.

LOVE.

Or to a lark is singing in the sky,
A honey, honey song;
But there's a bird in my hand, singing
A singing all day long.
The morning lark sings back to me
His song will soon be o'er;
But the bird in my hand, here,
Shall sing for evermore.

Oh the rose is blooming in the field,
The crocuses have just given,
But there's a beauty fewer,
Which I shall never see again.
It is the little summer air with joy,
For drops which almost come and
Twill flourish in its beauty
Which roses think to meet.

**An Aristo Lady's Encounter with
A NOTED HIGHWAYMAN.**

Lady Browne and I were at some place
to the Duchess of Mintoore at seven o'clock.
The evening was very dark. In the garden
lawn under the park-park, and within twenty
yards of the gate, a black figure pointed
between the chaise and the hedge on the
side. I suspected it was a highwayman,
and so I stood till Lady Browne, who
was speaking and stopped. To finish her
fear, I was just going to say, "It is not
the apothecary going to the duchess," when
I heard a voice cry,
"Stop!" and the figure came back to the
chaise. I had the presence of mind, I think,
I let down the glass, to take out my watch
and stuff it within my waistcoat under
my arm. He said, "Your 'pawse and
watches?"
I replied, "I have no watch."
"Then your purse."
I gave it him. It had nine guineas.
I was so dark that I could not see his face,
but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady
Browne's purse, and said,
"Don't be frightened, I will not hurt
you."
I said—"No, you won't frighten the
lady."
He replied—"No, I give you my word
will do you no hurt."
Lady Browne gave him her purse, and
was going to add her watch, but he said, "I
am much obliged to you; I wish you a good
night!" pulled off his hat, and rode away.
"Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will
not be afraid of being robbed another time,
for you see there is nothing in it."
"Oh, but I am," said she; "and now
I am in terror lest he should return, for
I have given him a purse with only half
of mine, that I carry on purpose."—*Barrow*
says.

FREEZING TO DEATH

FREEZING TO DEATH.

That to be frozen to death must be little torture, many would consider based from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which can only be the case if the sensibility remains the same. Intense cold brings on quick sleep, which facilitates the ascent, and affords beguiles men out of their lives. The marvellous example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage were caught in a snow-storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, well acquainted with the destructive effects of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving. "Whoever sits down," said he, "will sleep, and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those he instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die. The same warning was repeated a thousand times in the return from Moscow. Alison, the historian, to test the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen ten degrees below zero, and so quickly died of drowsiness came stealing on, that he was saved how a soul of Napoleon's intemperance had been able to resist the treacherous influence.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

This night, when the last days of the year are ebbing away, a fair hand playing with my dark locks has discovered a gray hair—the first gray hair! I had never seen such a thing—never dreamt of such a thing! At my age I could not believe it. It was laid upon a band of black velvet, and placed before me. I can resist conviction no longer. There it lies, blanched and white—white as the driven snow! And it is my hair. It seems but yesterday that I was at school, wishing I were a man. And now to-day I am gray and growing old. What have I done in all this time? Have I fulfilled a man's mission upon earth—have I made any step towards it? Have I done good in the most influential degree, for which the world is wiser or better? I cannot answer my own questions. I am dumb, and sitting here contemplating that white hair, with the sense that another year is sliding away, I feel that it is time in right good season to turn over a new leaf. I have made the resolution often before, but never under the same of obligation which now weighs upon me.—*London Society.*

means may do more for the sick than
much in need of repair. I undertook the
task of mending it myself, and had it strung
up in one of the invalid's beds. This was
just before we moved to the Rajah's palace.
I was standing actually in the garment-
chest is to say, my head and shoulders in it—
getting some of the hogs in order when
I received a sudden visit from Captain Sly-
lock. You can imagine my confusion; but
he persisted not to tell, and I believe the
first fun made of my ridiculous position is
made by myself. All our clothing which
suffered of being washed was somehow
arranged, so we had to make regular ap-
pearances for the putting it in order. These
were served back in the neighbourhood,
some of which were left for our dining
table, while others were appropriated for
the kitchen, and arranged accordingly
in our private garden. I was greatly amu-
sed one day at finding that one of our drink-
ing vessels had been used by a second-class

...and that nobody wanted for anything but anybody had, except persons like the two of us, who took advantage of the time to give themselves absurd airs. For myself, I was in great distress for two days for want of a hat. I had three when I left Calcutta, but two had blown overboard. Fortunately I found the one I had in wear—where do you think I—up a tree! How it came there, I know not, but I suppose the wind took care of it for me. It was a great day for me when I found the hat; and I confess I never felt so happy as the first occasion when I was able to have my hair crimped, and come in to dinner in a black silk dress which I got from my trunk. I had been a little touched by the sun, I fear; but the next morning, when I feel my face burning, I know I look awfully pretty, and don't care who sees me. This, however, was after we got off the island. While there, I accommodated myself to circumstances, making my costume as becoming as pos-

that, I shall be obliged by your pointing it out. Of course I shall be delighted to meet my old friends again, and my Laura is particular; but for the meantime you must excuse me for being a little infatuated with my present mode of life. Write soon. Ever
your truly attached HELoise.

R. L. B.

257 The aim of genius should, like its own nature, be lofty, truly lofty, above commonness, and selfishness, and indecency, striving all for the accomplishment of great results in the achievement of real good.

258 Congress has passed the bill extending to the 1st of March the bonuses to veterans.

—

Under him, if indeed I had tried, he took a leap and had jumped.

It was so sudden that I could only stare at him as he stood there. He stood there for a moment, and then he took a step back, and would have jumped back again had I not heard a rumbling sound, and half a second later the top of the "No Man's Land" parted, and the chalk and earth, and Joe too, fell down with a crash upon the rocky coast below.

I ran round the little cove to the other side, and

anything-good to take-here?" "Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water-the best thing you could have." "Well, I know it," was the reply; "there's no one thing that's done so much for navigation as that."

[5] One of the fair daughters of ton was recently singing a fashionable air at a high pitch of voice, when an Irishman, who was passing by, rushed in with a look of astonishment, and exclaimed, "Sure, and I thought you was a sea-bird, wasn't it?"

Hon. J. W. Farnes, Clerk of the Court

your feet in a pall of ice-water—drop the front door-key down your back—hold an axe in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other." He says "you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it's a great advantage."

Royal Academy
London w
language.

THACKERAY AS A WRITER.

FROM THE "AMERICAN LITERARY GAZETTE AND PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR."

Nearly all the critics have united in measuring Thackeray with Dickens. Few, we apprehend, can place Thackeray even on a level with Charles Dickens. He had, with the advantage of more years, a far superior education, and at times approached, if he did not equal, his rival's popularity. But in his moral nature, as a writer, he was inferior to Dickens. Irony, satire, lively penitence, sarcasm, and a great power in making grave subjects ridiculous, were Thackeray's forte and flashing weapons; but he loved to trifle with the gentle beauties of life, and seemed to glory in displaying a poor opinion of society. It was said—bitterly, but truly—that, with the exception of that excellent gentleman, Col. Newcome (who had a great heart but not much brain), most of the personages of his stories were worthy of having their portraits drawn for the *Rogues' Gallery*. There is scarcely a man, in all his scenes of life, whom one would like to take by the hand or admit into the house without first locking up the silver spoons and forks. Where his women were not demure, they were weak and silly. The exceptions are chiefly in degree. On the other hand, how many excellent persons, in all ranks of life (except the aristocratic), has Charles Dickens introduced us! We lay down one of his books, and a crowd comes up before us. It is true that he has Fagan, Sykes, Meeks, the elder Nickleby, Squeers, and some more bad men, but there are such in the daily paths of life. We love to recall and muse over the creations of Dickens: we care not to meditate upon those of Thackeray, who drew them as if he thought that there was no principle in man, no virtue in woman. It would seem, if Mr. Thackeray drew from life, that he must have been intimate with a great number of bad people in his time.

Neither can it be expected that, as a humorist, Thackeray is on a level with Dickens. The humor of "Dickens" is genial and genial, that of Thackeray is sardonic and biting. Thackeray's constructive power was small. There is little incident in his stories. One feels no interest in the adventures of the people who suffer through his pages, nor would desire ever again to meet them. Unfortunately, Mr. Thackeray, either from want of imagination, or from laziness, or from a self-conscious admiration of his own characters, was perpetually bringing them out of his old books into his new. The Hon. Mr. Deane, Lord Clarendon, the Earl of Crabtree, my Lord Bunsby, and that terrible scoundrel and bore, the Marquis of Steyne, seem to run through most of Mr. Thackeray's tales. Even in his last story of "Philip," George Brandon and the poor girl, his dupe, who figured in "A Shabby Genteel Story," are brought back to us, like counterfeit money, still as scamp and duplicate the same as when we first read about them, some twenty-two years ago. He could create, however—as witness Miss Becky Sharp, one of the most natural characters of modern fiction, albeit decidedly a *mauvaise sujet*. By her side, as the pigeon by the rock, let soft-hearted, vanity-swollen Joe Sedley sit immortally.

As a writer of good, telling, and lucid English, Thackeray was, beyond all comparison, greatly superior to Dickens. His style was indeed all but perfect. He always used the very word that was wanted to express the required meaning. If a man wants to acquire a good style, let him read Thackeray's graceful and terse prose, rather than the antithetical rhetoric of Macaulay, fine as that confessedly is.

This man who appeared to delight upon other people's gibes (his criticisms in *Fraser* as well as in less dignified, show this), was himself remarkably thin-skinned. A sneer or a sneeze, no matter how slight, nor how insignificant the assailant, worried him very much. He was sensitively afraid of criticism, recognizing nothing as true unless it praised him.

This man, who wrote like a cynic, and made one think that he had some early grudge against the world, was genial and amiable in society. He had a host of admirers, and a little army of affectionate friends whom his amiable nature had bound to him. In conversation he used his wit freely, unlike Hood, who grumbled every word that he did not put upon paper, and he used it kindly, unlike Jerrold, who would rather lose his friend than his joke or sarcasm. In London society, by the best of which Thackeray was welcomed when he condescended to enter it, he will be sincerely missed and mourned.

Thackeray, like Dickens, possessed the faculty, not very common among Englishmen, of making an excellent speech at the briefest notice. When he lectured there was a degree of *mauvaise honte* in his manner, but when he delivered an extemporaneous speech in public his manner and matter were alike excellent. His voice, which seemed muffled at the lecture-desk, pealed out with deep and emphatic expression when he spoke the unprepared speech. His addresses at the annual dinners of the Royal Academy and the Literary Fund in London were admirable in delivery as in language.

In status he was above the ordinary height, and his large head, well covered with heavy locks, was placed upon a neck massive as that of O'Connell himself. He would have been a handsome man but for an accident which broke the upper portion of his nose. His body and countenance were of appearance was that of a hand than a head.

He has left (besides his wife, unhappily out of health for many years) two daughters; one of whom last year contributed "The Story of Elizabeth" to the "Cornhill Magazine," a tale of great merit, which has been published in book form in London and New York. He must have died in possession of considerable property, for, whatever his youth's extravagance, he was careful, though not sagaciously, in his expenses in later years. His success in this country undoubtedly was the first step to his pecuniary independence. Mr. Thackeray's place, among English authors, will be by the side of Henry Fielding rather than of Charles Dickens. He had not the good nature which pervades even Fielding's satire, but, on the other hand, he carefully observed the indecorum of situation, and even of language, which make "Tom Jones" marvellous at present. Mr. Thackeray, even when he describes vice and scandal, never violates decency. It will be long before any successor will so thoroughly amuse the public: "none but himself can be his parallel."

We see that the beautiful country-seat at Newburgh, formerly owned and occupied by the late A. J. Downing, is offered for sale "at much less than its cost." This is a rare chance for a gentleman to secure a splendid residence in a most delightful locality. Application should be made to F. W. Fullerton, counselor-at-law, Newburgh.

Mr. Stefan has communicated to the Vienna Academy some mathematical researches on the propagation of heat, and considers that the results he has obtained justify the proposition "that heat propagates itself by radiation with the rapidity of light; by transmission with the rapidity of sound."

A letter from Naples of the 14th of Dec. says:—"Yesterday has become covered with snow, and now presents the appearance of a sugar-loaf. It is a rare case, quite white from the summit to the base. We have also a wind so cold that it nips the face, and any one might fancy himself at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, in the midst of the snow of the Alps."

A CORRESPONDENT FROM JEFF. DAVIS.—The New York Evening Post of Saturday says that a Union refugee in that city, recently from Richmond, asserts that on Christmas morning, at an early hour, persons passing by the house of Jeff. Davis were surprised to see standing immediately in front of the door a coffin, with a rope significantly laid on the top of it. These articles were taken away as soon as they were discovered by the servants, but they were seen by many persons.

A rich gentleman once said to a day laborer, "Do you know to whom these estates belong on the borders of the lake?" "No," replied the man. "They belong to me," said the rich man. "And the wood and the cattle, do you know whose they are?" "No." "They are mine, also," continued the rich man. "Yes, all that you can see is mine." The peasant stood still a moment, then pointed to heaven, and in a solemn tone asked, "Is that also thine? If that be thine, though poor, thou art truly rich; if that be not thine, however rich thou art poor indeed."

It is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it simply because you want to get his autograph. To store our memories with a sense of injuries, is to fill that chest with rusty iron which was made for refined gold. In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right. Tom Thumb retires upon a quarter million. It is sometimes easier to make a fortune by littleness than by greatness.

At one of our recent Christmas celebrations one of the wax candles on the tree was leaning slightly. A little boy, fresh from his geography, remarked that it resembled the Tower of Pisa. Yes, said another, except that one is a tower in Italy, and the other a tower in grease.

Boasting is sometimes out of place, as his father was before him. We heard one man boast of being a bachelor, as his father was before him.

An Indianapolis editor attending church the other Sabbath, for the first time in many years, stopped at the entrance, and looking in vain for the bell-pull, deliberately knocked at the door, and politely waited till somebody opened it and let him in.

Twenty years ago, the *Auckland Times* (New Zealand) was printed with a mangle. The *Aberdeen Gazette* has not even that convenience. One man edits, sets up, and prints that sheet, and says he hopes some day to make it pay.

Lord Dudley remarked once to that genialist of wit, Sydney Smith, "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years; and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid."

A FRIGHTENED DARKY.

The story which follows is taken from the *Memories of the Marquis of Port Royal*, being a man of herculean proportions, when in his sub-marine armor he became most of his size and appearance. A correspondent of the *Baltimore American* says:

A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble into the water and disappear from sight, or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a young whale, can scarcely be imagined. Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will weave his comedy about as "he bobs around" on the water, with the air of a variable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a water joke—occurred last summer. While he was employed surveying the bank of one of the monitors, a negro from one of the river plantations came alongside with a boat load of water-melons. While they were selling his melons the driver came up, and seated himself on the side of the boat.

The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water, with alarmed wonder, and when the driver asked one of the best melons in the boat and disappeared under the water, the grunting of the air from the helmet mixing with the muffled laughter, the light of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his oars, without waiting to be paid for his melons, he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Fort Crockett since. He cannot be tempted beyond the bounds of the plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

FREEDOM.

Who then is Free?—The Wise, who will maintain his empire over himself; whom neither Chains, Nor Want, nor Death, with selfish fear inspiring, Who boldly answers to his warm desire; Who can Ambition's vainest gifts dispense; First in himself, who on himself relies; Polished and round, who runs his proper course, And breaks misfortune with superior force!

—Socrates.

A well-known London printer, being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech; but I can print one as long as you like."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been rather more demand for Flour. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls at \$2.50 for superfine, \$2.75 for extra, \$2.50 for good to good and choice extra family, and \$2.50 for good Western and high grade family at \$2.50 to \$2.50. Flour sales at \$2.50 to \$2.50. Buckwheat Meal is steady at \$2.50 to \$2.50.

GRAIN.—There has been more demand for Wheat. Sales reach about 75,000 bush at \$1.50 to \$1.75 for common to good and choice red, and \$1.50 to \$1.75 for white. Rye is selling in a moderate way at \$1.50 to \$1.50. Corn is dull and rather lower about \$1.00 for yellow at \$1.10 to \$1.15. Oats are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Beans are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Peas are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Lentils are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Potatoes are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Apples are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Pears are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Grapes are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Oranges are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Lemons are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Citrus fruit are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Tropical fruit are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Vegetables are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Miscellaneous are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The story which follows is taken from the *Memories of the Marquis of Port Royal*, being a man of herculean proportions, when in his sub-marine armor he became most of his size and appearance. A correspondent of the *Baltimore American* says:

A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble into the water and disappear from sight, or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a young whale, can scarcely be imagined. Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will weave his comedy about as "he bobs around" on the water, with the air of a variable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a water joke—occurred last summer. While he was employed surveying the bank of one of the monitors, a negro from one of the river plantations came alongside with a boat load of water-melons. While they were selling his melons the driver came up, and seated himself on the side of the boat.

The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water, with alarmed wonder, and when the driver asked one of the best melons in the boat and disappeared under the water, the grunting of the air from the helmet mixing with the muffled laughter, the light of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his oars, without waiting to be paid for his melons, he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Fort Crockett since. He cannot be tempted beyond the bounds of the plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

FREEDOM.

Who then is Free?—The Wise, who will maintain his empire over himself; whom neither Chains, Nor Want, nor Death, with selfish fear inspiring, Who boldly answers to his warm desire; Who can Ambition's vainest gifts dispense; First in himself, who on himself relies; Polished and round, who runs his proper course, And breaks misfortune with superior force!

—Socrates.

A well-known London printer, being called on to reply to a toast, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you most heartily. I can't make a speech; but I can print one as long as you like."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been rather more demand for Flour. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls at \$2.50 for superfine, \$2.75 for extra, \$2.50 for good to good and choice extra family, and \$2.50 for good Western and high grade family at \$2.50 to \$2.50. Flour sales at \$2.50 to \$2.50. Buckwheat Meal is steady at \$2.50 to \$2.50.

GRAIN.—There has been more demand for Wheat. Sales reach about 75,000 bush at \$1.50 to \$1.75 for common to good and choice red, and \$1.50 to \$1.75 for white. Rye is selling in a moderate way at \$1.50 to \$1.50. Corn is dull and rather lower about \$1.00 for yellow at \$1.10 to \$1.15. Oats are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Beans are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Peas are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Lentils are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Potatoes are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Apples are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Pears are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Grapes are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Oranges are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Lemons are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Citrus fruit are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Tropical fruit are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Vegetables are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Miscellaneous are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05.

MEAT.—There has been more demand for Beef. Sales reach about 75,000 bush at \$1.50 to \$1.75 for common to good and choice red, and \$1.50 to \$1.75 for white. Rye is selling in a moderate way at \$1.50 to \$1.50. Corn is dull and rather lower about \$1.00 for yellow at \$1.10 to \$1.15. Oats are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Beans are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Peas are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Lentils are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Potatoes are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Apples are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Pears are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Grapes are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Oranges are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Lemons are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Citrus fruit are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Tropical fruit are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Vegetables are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05. Miscellaneous are rather better, some \$1.00 to \$1.05.

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Don and Bouché.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF GOV. BOUCK.

Archbishop Hughes always had a personal and political management, and at times when he has had considerable influence upon public affairs. It was the policy of Mr. Bouché, when Governor of New York, to court that influence.

An unfortunate story is told of the attempt of Bishop Hughes to negotiate with Gov. Bouché the same position he had enjoyed with Governor Seward. Bouché being a rich Dutch farmer, but little versed in either politics or ecclesiastical subtleties. The Bishop asked upon the Governor had said in his mind.

"Good morning, Mr. Hughes," said Bouché. "I am glad to see you, sir."

A slight pause, when Hughes said, "Bishop Hughes, your Excellency, of New York."

"Ah! Bishop Hughes, a good morning Bishop Hughes, I am glad to see you, sir."

The Bishop again interposed, saying with emphasis:

"Perhaps your Excellency does not recognize the title of his bishop. I am the Bishop of this diocese."

"Oh, oh—oh, I am glad to see you Bishop Hughes, and how is Mrs. Hughes?" [This is a Catholic priest.]

The Bishop gave over in despair. The interview ended with one of Gov. Bouché's partisans had said during the canvass to a neighbor who had urged him to vote for Seward:

"Governor Seward," said the one, "is a much greater man than Bouché; he has a much longer head."

"So? Well, may be it is longer, but it is not so thick."

FURNISH WEDDING DISCOURSES.

The practice of wedding discourses has been down into the last century, and sometimes regarded the parties concerned into rather startling levities. For instance, when Fanny Smith's daughter Mary was to marry young Mr. Cranch—(what graceful productions of pen and pencil have come to this generation from the posterity of that union)—the father permitted the newly married to decide on her own text for the occasion, and she wisely selected "Mary hath shown the better part, which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wife, young Mrs. Cranch, was to marry a certain Quaker Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, and would not even invite to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text, "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one President of the United States, and mother of another.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

SURGICAL ADVICE BY A PHYSICIAN.—"Old Doctor G." was known as a skillful physician, blunt and downright, but not addressed to church-going. Mr. S., the sick tradesman, sent for him. The pulse was examined, the pills dealt out, and the directions given. But as the doctor was taking up his medicine-bag, Mr. S. turned to him with a very pious look.

"I have a solemn request to make of you, Dr. G."

"What of it? A solemn request of me?"

"Yes, sir; I feel that I am a very sick man, and if at any time you see that I am going to die, I want you should let me know it at least three days beforehand."

"But what in the world do you want to know that for?"

"Oh, I don't know that I am prepared to die, and I shall want at least two or three days to prepare."

"Oh, well, make your preparations, make your preparations, Mr. S.; and if you don't die, it will not be lost to your customers."

Monthly Religious Magazine.

THE NEW FOOTBALL.—A gentleman was going out, one day, in his carriage, to call with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, who had recently come into the service, to go to the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as he was ordered, and off started the gentleman, ending in the kitchen with cards wherever the "not a home" command. As there were very many, he turned to the servant with the question:

"How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs."

"The deuce!" exclaimed his master.

"That's gone," said John.

"Now, then, Master," said an Irish lad of coarse features, who was freed by a dog.

"If you don't take that dog away I'll cut up all your clothes."

A contemporary has observed that some of our military officers have four sides—squareness, comeliness, "dashed" lameness, and grandeur.

THE JOURNALIST OF CALIFORNIA.

He rises at ten o'clock, dresses, puts on a hat adorned by six or seven hairs made by plaster-sticks, goes to the restaurant to breakfast. After breakfast, he proceeds to his office to look over the papers of the day, and find that, in one, he is treated as a wit, and in another as a liar, and in a third as a rogue. He smiles at the pleasant idea of having something to do, fills up three challenges—first he has always two or three ready-made, in order not to lose time—reads them to the right persons, and then begins to write a vigorous article, when, suddenly, he is disturbed by some sounder, which he feels himself obliged to kick out most unceremoniously. At noon, he learns that his challenges have been accepted, and that, at three o'clock, he has an affair of this nature to regulate on the spot. Thither he repairs, kills his man, and hastens to dinner, with conscience untroubled, and with appetite unimpaired. He returns to the office. On his way thence he falls into the very heart of a riot, whence, with great difficulty, he escapes, having received neither contusions nor wounds. He reaches his manumitory, and discovers there an infernal machine on the table. Without feeling or manifesting the slightest astonishment, he takes it and throws it out of the window. Then he writes an article on moral reform, and starts for the theatre. Attacked on his way by three men, he kills two, and takes the third to the nearest police-station. Returning to the office at eleven o'clock, he knocks down a man who tries to rob him, kills a dog with a paving-stone, just missing being crushed by a cab, and has merely the tail of his coat torn off, receives, on the threshold of his door, two bullets through his hat, facilitates himself on the chance which he has had of escaping safe and sound from so many misadventures, writes still two o'clock in the morning, goes to bed, and sleeps soundly till the morning.—*Blackburn Paper*.

Walker Scott Criticizing Byron.

The following passage from a letter by Sir Walter Scott, is quoted in the *Scottish Papers*:—"You ask me, dear Lady Hood, for literary news. There is not much of any consequence. Lord Byron, we quitted of old by the 'Edinburgh Review,' has shown forth a great literary in the poetical world. 'Childe Harold,' a sort of sketch of his travels, and reflections while engaged in them, has probably reached India. It is a work of great poetical talent, but indicates a gloomy and rather misanthropical turn of disposition. 'Childe Harold' has exhausted the round of all pleasures, domestic and un-domestic, and wanders to feel the goblet, which he has drained even to its fuscious dregs, pall upon his taste, when again replenished. And pretty nearly the same course of experience which made Bolonius of old proclaim that all was vanity, induces our modern epicurean to quarrel with the system of the universe, and to disbelieve its being guided by supreme benevolence and wisdom. Another beautiful and eccentric production of the same kind is the 'Glaucus,' a Turkish romance. It is a poetical fragment, obscurely written, but abounding with high and spirited passages. The tale is the intrigues of a Christian with the favorite of a Moslem. Hassan murders his wife, and the Glaucus, in revenge, waylays and kills Hassan and dies a monk, without having the good fortune to become a penitent. The sentiments of this poem indicate the same deficiency of virtuous feeling which throw a shade on 'Childe Harold's' character. The passion, so well and powerfully described, is of an unworthy and bad kind; and I shrewdly suspect Lord Byron would be improved by a draught of chivalrous sentiment, and a quantum sufficit of virtuous and disinterested principle added to his very extraordinary powers of intellect and expression. As he is, however, he has done deadly, or almost deadly, execution among the ladies of fashion."

TRANSPLANTATION OF HAIR.—The Signor Matteo Domenico Nardo addressed a letter to the Academy of Padua, in 1836, on the subject of the growth of hair after death, and even after its separation from the body. The latter property had been previously observed by Kraft. The Signor Nardo recounts the results of experiments made on his own person in the transplantation of hair, and relates, that by transplanting quickly a hair, with its roots, from a pore of his head, into a pore of his chest, easily to be accomplished by widening the pore somewhat with the point of a needle, introducing the root with slowness, and exciting within the pore itself, by friction, a slight degree of inflammation, the hair takes root, continues to vegetate, and grows; in due season changes color, becomes white, and falls.

"Fen should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Whoever knew a 'fanny man' to be a bad one? On the contrary, he is not nine times out of ten generous, humane, social and good? To be sure he is. Fen—is it a great thing? It signifies the rough places of life; making the disposition as fresh and rosy as a maiden's skin."

"Gentlemen on it Matrimony.—Brighton Young has just taken his sixty-first wife."

"Do not vacillating in your purposes; do not every bright meteor, that shoots across your path, attract you to new aims. This would be to make your life but as whirling sands borne about by every sickle wind."

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INFORMED PRINCIPAL OPENING EAST CLERK'S TELEGRAM BY MISTAKE (HEADS)—We are having great sport. Tell old Gripes you're sick, and come. Polly is here.

GOD CARES FOR US.

A lady, one cold winter's day, left her own home to visit the homes of want. She went from house to house, and from room to room, and did what she could at each. At last she came to the third story of a wretched house. The door of the room was shut; she tried to open it, but could not. Some persons were inside, but could not open the door. On listening, the lady heard a little weak voice say:

"Pull the string up high."

She looked, and found a string, which, upon being pulled, lifted a latch, and she opened the door upon two little half-naked children, all alone.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not very cold?—no fire on a cold day like this?"

"Oh! when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me; then we get warm,'" said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home, she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

"Yes," said the lady, "God is indeed our Father; and I think He has sent me to look after some of His children, or, as your granny calls them, some of His 'sparrows,' and, if I can, I am to help them to some crumbs."

She gave them some big crumbs—more than they could eat at once, or in one day. While the little ones were eating the "crumbs," Tommy said to his sister—

"Then this is our Father's gift, in answer to that prayer, this morning, before granny went out, 'Give us this day our daily bread'; and here it is; for God cares for us."

THE BONAPARTES AND THE WELLESLEYS.—The Duke of Wellington and Napoleon Bonaparte were born the same year—1769—the Duke being rather the older of the two. The father of the great Emperor died young; the father of the Duke died likewise at a comparatively early age. There were five brothers in the one family, five brothers in the other. In each case the five brothers attained more or less of eminence. Though the two fathers died young, the two mothers lived to see the sons illustrious. The most brilliant of the Wellesleys was the Marquis Wellesley, a man infinitely more gifted than the Duke of Wellington, who, nevertheless, surpassed him in strength of character. Napoleon, however, had far more genius than all the rest of the Bonaparte family.

THE FOREST-GUARDED HIGHWAY.—A traveller relates that when passing through an Austrian town, his attention was directed to a forest on a slope near the road, and he was told that death was the penalty of cutting down one of those trees. He was incredulous until he was further informed that they were the protection of the city, breaking the force of the descending avalanche, which without this natural barrier would sweep over the quiet home of thousands. When a Russian army was marching there, and began to cut away the defence for fuel, the inhabitants brought them to take their dwellings instead, which was done.

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Agricultural.

MAKING AND FILLING ICE-HOUSES.

The Register of Rural Affairs for 1864 gives the following articles on ice-houses:—

Fig. 1.—Rough or Shanty Ice-House, left open under the eaves for ventilation.

Cheap ones may be quickly constructed, in the form of strong board shanties, (fig. 1), with a good but not tight floor. Place a few inches of sawdust on the floor, pile up the ice compactly in square blocks, leaving a space of eight to twelve inches all around, next to the boards, to be filled with sawdust, trodden in, as the structure of ice is built upwards. Cover the whole with eight or ten inches of sawdust, and let plenty of fresh air blow through the shanty over the top. Ice will keep in this way as well as in the most costly and elaborate building. Chaff or finely cut straw may be substituted for the sawdust; but being less perfect non-conductors, should be in thicker layers.

Fig. 2.—Ice-House, above Ground. One door is enough for common-sized houses.

Ice-houses built of boards, with double walls, (fig. 2) filled in with sawdust, although they do not keep ice better than those just described, save some labor by obviating the removal of the sawdust every time they are filled with ice. But even these should have a thin stratum of sawdust, say three or four inches, between the walls and the ice, which should be filled in and pressed hard as each layer is laid.

Fig. 3.—Plan of Single Wall or Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 4.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

for filling and taking the ice out at different heights. Care should be taken that all the shavings be pressed solid, and no cavities left. An ice-house with one apartment, eight by ten feet, and six feet high, (including a foot of sawdust all around,) will keep ice enough for a moderate family.

Fig. 5.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 6.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 7.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 8.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 9.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 10.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 11.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 12.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 13.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 14.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

Fig. 15.—Plan of Double Wall Board Ice-House.

The accompanying plans and views show the construction of these buildings. It will be seen in the view of the double-walled house, that a large ventilating window is placed in each end at the top; these windows should always be open. There are two double doors at one end in large buildings, and one in small ones—these are

CHEAP FIELD FENCE.

A good and sufficient field fence can be made with 15 inches in width of boards, and 30 rods of fence to 1,000 feet of boards. Set the posts, and nail the first board nine inches from the ground; then make the spaces 3, 4, 7, and 10 inches, 5 boards 2 inches each in 15 inches; now turn a furrow 6 inches deep toward the fence on each side. This brings the earth within 8 inches of the bottom board, and adds 6 inches to the height of the fence, measuring from the bottom of the furrow, and the ditch or bank makes it very handy for animals to get at the fence. This makes a fence 4 feet 10 inches high.

I have several hundred rods of such fence. The first was built five years ago. It has proved perfectly safe and sufficient against cattle that were unruly. It is not racked by the wind like a fence of wider boards. Fourteen-foot boards, with one post in the middle, take a less number of posts, and make as good fence as twelve. I have used white oak boards at about twelve dollars per thousand feet, and swamp oak split posts at four cents each.—*Genius Farmer*.

TO CURB SHEEP FROM JUMPING.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following curious account of the method adopted by him to prevent his sheep from jumping the fences of his pasture:

"I want to tell you about my jumping sheep, and how I broke them. I got them in a pen built sufficiently to hold them; I then caught the ring-leaders one at a time, and made a small hole in each ear. I then took a cord or string and ran through the holes in the ears together close enough to keep them from working the ears; I then let them out, and they are as quiet as any sheep."

CURE FOR STRETCHES IN SHEEP.—The cause is costiveness. Cure—two ounces Epsom salts and one drachm of ginger, or an equivalent of hog's lard or linseed oil.—*Wisconsin Farmer*.

Useful Receipts.

TO CLEAN KNIVES.—A small, clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying brick dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. A better polish can be obtained by this method than by any other we have tried, and with less labor.

DIPHTHERIA.—We have received a receipt, says the N. Y. Tribune, for the cure of diphtheria, from a physician, who says that of one thousand cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus:—Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two, and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia, mixed every four hours to the whole of the throat and to the breast bone, keeping flannel to the part.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup of butter; two cups of sugar; one cup of sweet milk; whites of seven eggs; four cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, and one of soda.

AN ORANGE PUDDING.—Make a light paste, and roll it out to the extent you require it. Take your oranges, slice them with the rinds on, removing carefully the pulp or seeds from the pulp. Place a layer of fruit, well sugared, within one side of the paste, and turn it over the fruit, and repeat the same course until the whole of the slices are disposed of. Fold the paste up at each end, so as to secure the syrup. Roll it in a pudding cloth. It constitutes, in some families, a nursery luxury.

APPLE CRISP.—Peel and core five large apples, boil in a little water till soft enough to press through a sieve; sweeten, and beat with them the beaten whites of three eggs, serve it with cream poured around it.

WHITE BREAD.—As some one wished to know how to make beer-white, I will give my recipe. Have a hard-wood board made in the shape of a shingle, then put the wax in a pot of hot water over the stove. While the wax is melting soak the board in warm water to prevent the wax sticking to it, then dip the board into the pot of water and wax as you would to dip candles, and you will have a thin sheet of wax on the board. This you can loosen with a knife so it will slide off. Then dip as before, and so on until you have dipped all the wax off. Take these thin sheets of wax and spread them on a white cloth in the hot sun until they are white, afterwards melt and cake.

WAX.—A tavern keeper in Lancashire has inscribed over his door, instead of the usual placard of notification, "My sign is the cellar." A man who lives opposite says that folks who go into that cellar almost always bring out the signs thereof with 'em.

The Riddler.

ARITHMETICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 10, 12, 13, 14, is a despicable character. My 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, 15, is a representation. My 6, 8, 11, 14, is a part of a saddle. My 4, 13, 14, 15, is an adjective denoting heat. My 5, 7, 11, 15, is an adjective denoting cold. My 6, 11, is an abbreviation of a common title. My 7, 10, 5, 14, 1, 7, is a disease. My 6, 8, 10, 14, is one of affliction. My 9, 7, 11, 15, 4, is one of the planets. My 10, 2, 9, 8, is what you must do to solve this enigma.

My 11, 13, 14, 15, we all should do. My 12, is myself.

My 13, 11, 7, 1, 4, 7, 11, is taught in schools. My 14, 7, 5, 9, is a fish.

My 15, 2, 1, 9, flies swiftly. My whole is the tyrant's motto. *Tellus Ch. M2. ANSWERED.*

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 15, 16, 4, is a term for royalty. My 2, 21, 14, is indispensable in writing. My 4, 2, 13, is a drink.

My 8, 11, 10, 7, 19, 16, is a town in China. My 6, 7, 18, is a recent King of Greece. My 7, 11, 8, 21, 3, 16, 17, is a chemical process.

My 9, 15, 5, 1, signifies to make a small noise. My 11, 16, 8, 2, 4, 16, is the opposite of rep. My 14, 2, 13, 5, 1, is a blow.

My 20, 3, 18, is to clear.

Two noble Kings make up my whole. Who ruled a land without control; The first proclaimed himself supreme, And called his rival low and mean; But oh, reverse came, and then The first was soon forgotten when The people loud proclaimed the last, Who rules them now with iron grasp.

ANSWERED.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When leafless branches were aloft, And lend their sighs to every breeze, Gently I come, and strive to clothe The mourning earth, the naked trees.

The eager schoolboy greets me oft With merry shouts and laughter loud; The rich, the poor, the low, the great, The humble and the haughty proud.

How much of sin and crime I hide, How pure and bright I seem to be, A thing of Heaven; yet, oh, Earth! Thy varied slaves will trample me.

I cannot change, I am the same On Alpine hills, in valleys fair; Fied high upon the Arctic plains, Or floating on the wintry air.